

# Celia's Triumph, Or, Venus Dethron'd.

The Gods forsake their *Venus* quite,  
And make fair *Celia* their Delight;

To a new Tune of, *Let the Criticks adore*, as it is Sung at the Play-houſe.

With allowance. May 8. 1678. Ro. L'Eſtrange.



*Let the Criticks adore,*  
*Their Old Venus no more,*  
*She's a Gypſie,*  
*Silly Mortals ne'r think,*  
*That the Goddess will Drink*  
*and be Tiptie.*

None but Vulcan can abide her,  
She's grown so Black of late,  
In his Cole-hole he does hide her,  
to secure her from fate:  
All the Gods are stark mad,  
for a Venus more fair,  
And swear they'd be glad,  
that my Celia were there.

For her beauty transcends,  
What fortune commends,  
I there Dowdy,  
All the Sphears took their light,  
From her Lustre more bright,  
that were Cloudy.

At which transformation,  
the Gods they stood mute,  
Like Stocks in their Station,  
none daring Dispute,  
The force of her eyes  
which so wholly had gain'd  
From sad Venus the prize,  
which Celia obtain'd.

Boast no more in Dull Rhimes,  
Brisk Lads of the times,  
that your Misses  
Whom you onely can prize,  
Cause by hopes you may rise  
to dry Kisses.

For their High-flown desires,  
could never attain  
To what Phillis aspires,  
for Celia shall reign:  
And since Venus submitted  
to her prevalent charms,  
And her Sovereignty quitted,  
she slighted your allarums.

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Who now they have Enthron'd above,  
And made her Queen of Us, and Love.

Let no new Upstart then  
Pretend to cross men  
with false flashes;  
And with pantings presume,  
Which the Mercuries consume  
into ashes.

But Submit and admire,  
what in Celia is found,  
And blushing retire  
to leave Celia Crown'd:  
Let their Gallants run mad,  
for ne'er spight ta behold,  
What made Phillis so sad,  
and Venus so cold.

Let the Poets lay down  
Their long usurped Crown,  
and present it  
Her the Muses have had,  
In their beauties been clad,  
and had lent it.

But for Celia's great Glory,  
to dispose it where she  
Night in Fortunes Story,  
the chief wonder be:  
In adoring her beauty,  
I to happiness rise,  
And pay amorous Duty  
to Celia's Eyes.

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To their forces I gave  
My ſelf a willing Slave,  
and am trair  
Then a Monarch in's Throne,  
Who calls Europe his own,  
hou'd he fee her.

For her Charms, like Medea's,  
would Eclipse his great State,  
Had he bounds, as the Sea has,  
he muſt yield to his Fate,  
And adore my bright Star,  
by whose influence I move,  
Like the Great God of War,  
in the Orb of her Love.

Where I seated ſhall Reign,  
And ſtill happy remain,  
ſince ſhe gave me  
In return of my pain,  
What the Gods could not gain,  
and did ſave me.

From a desperate fate,  
which her ſcom would invite,  
And have put a full date  
to my joy and delight:  
But ſince ſhe prefers me  
to the Gods, by whose pain,  
I muſt freed from all fears be,  
and Celia obtain.